It's blowing off cold. How does that windy fact strike you? We greet you this morning with the most certain and assuring values in Clothing ever offered-None can equal them-Inspection will confirm this statement beyond a doubt.

Sack Suits Knee Pants Furnishings

We offer 150 men's all-wool Oswego Cheviot Sack Suits, all sizes to 42, made and trimmed in superior manner and excellent value at \$15. We have bought a line at less than cost of manufacturer, which enables us to sell them \$12

Overcoats

We offer this season the greatest value in all-wool winter Overcoats ever known in Indianapolis-strictly all-wool Blue Chinchilla-guaranteed indigo dye, and will not fade. If any should fade any time within a year we will take the overcoat back and give a new one. They are trimmed with the finest satin throughout. This lot is No. 4708-a magnificent Overcoat selling all over the country for \$25. Our C.Q

Several styles of splendid FALL OVERCOATS, stylish and beautifully made. \$10 Regular price \$15. Our price \$10

Our Boys' Department is crowded daily with buyers. Nowhere in Indianapolis have such superior grades of Boys' and Children's Clothing been offered at the low prices that have given the Original Eagle deserved popularity.

We offer new lines, just re-ceived, of Children's all-wool Cheviot Cassimere, and the popular Blue Tricot Knee-

MANY LINES OF

Overcoats

placed on sale-this week-all grades and prices.

N. B. A handsome express wagon given away with each Child's Suit sold at \$2.50 and upwards.

Our Men's Furnishing Department shows an unprecedentedly fine and varied assortmentin UNDERWEAR. Excellent red and white stripe-regular price 75c we are selling—a great bargain 500

We have just opened a great line of Boys' Underwear at 25 cts. each, 50 cts. a suit.

No house in the city now shows as full a line of NECKWEAR. Fancy Stripes and Checks at popular prices, 25c, 50c, 75c.

A Complimentary Ticket to the Battle of Atlanta given to every purchaser of a Suit of Clothes or Overcoat.

Original Hagle 5 & 7 West Washington Street.

SHERMAN'S DIPLOMATIC SPY.

He Promises the Confederates Help from Mexico and Then Suddenly Disappears. The Colonel, in Atlanta Constitution.

In the spring of 1864, when the sullen boom of Sherman's cannon, forty miles away, could be distinctly heard in Atlanta, the good people in that city were unusually restless and vigilant. A stranger in those days was an object of sus-picion, until he proved himself to be a friend, and not a doubtful character. This was the situation of affairs, one fine morning, when a gentleman walked out of the

dining-room of the Atlanta Hotel, and took his stand in front of the main entrance. A citizen in shabby clothes—everything was shabby at that stage of the war—sauntered into the hotel, looking keenly at the stranger as he passed him. What he saw evidently surprised him, for he turned and looked sharply at the

"Who is hel" the citizen asked the landlord, who at that moment came along and stopped to

"Came in last night," was the reply: "registered from Montgomery-name Louis Pigault-French, I should say."

"Or Yankee," answered the other, with a frown. "I don't like his looks. Where in the devil did he get his spick and span new storeclothes. Why, man, the're brand new! You don't see such a stylish rig as that coming through the blockade. Money wouldn't buy it, sir, not even in Richmond."

"He'll have to be investigated." "I don't want to bother anybody," remarked the shabby man, "but as a member of the committee of safety I must do my duty, you know."

"That's so," said the landlord, reflectively.

"Precisely," with a meaning nod. "I'll drop a hint to the commander of the post." With these words the member of the committee of safety walked out of the office, and start-

The landlord was a genial man, and he did not like to see a guest annoyed. Yielding to a goodnatured impulse, he joined Pigault, and made some commonplace remarks about the weather. "French," said the landlord to himself, after a few pleasant words had been exchanged, "or a creole from Louisians-I don't know which-but he is a gentleman all the same."

As Pigault stood there puffing his cigar, and talking vivaciously, with a strong foreign accent, his companion scrutinized him closely. The Frenchman was a man of thirty-five or forty, with a bronzed face ornamented with a pointed mustache and imperial. His eyes were black and impenetrable, but his expression was suave, and his courtesy embarrassed the plain

An officer, accompanied by a private soldier. came striding along the pavement. He paused in front of the hotel. "Can I see Mr. Pigault?" he asked the propri-

The smiling landlord at once introduced the officer to his companion. The military man was very polite. Would Mr. Pigault mind stepping up to the office of the commander of the post, a mere formal matter of business, he believed, but still it was necessary that the matter should be attended to at once.

Mr. Pigault received this information with a bland look. Nothing would afford him greater pleasure, he said, than to meet the commander. and he would be charmed to accompany the of-

By this time the landlord had complete confidence in the new-corner. "Tell the colonel," he said, "that I'll call with Mr. Pigault in a few minutes. This was satisfactory to the lieutenant, and

with an elaborate bow he departed, followed by the private with his musket. The commander of the post opened his eyes very wide when the stranger informed him that he was Captain Piganit, of Marshal Bazaine's

"Here is my pass," the Captain volunteered, handing him a scrap of brown paper. It was in due form, signed by the Montgomery efficial, and on the back was the oath of allegi-

ance to the Southern Confederacy properly filled out and signed. The commander did not know exactly what to say, but he intimated his desire tollearn the nature of his visitor's mission. Captain Pigault hesitated and looked at the landlord. That worthy citizen took the hint

and excused himself. The interview lasted an hour. Captain Pigault had no commission in writing, no letters, no documents-nothing but the pass from Montgomery. After he had talked ten minutes the commander felt that no credentials were necessary. The Frenchman expressed his gratification at meeting a gallant confederate of high rank to whom he could talk freely, and yet he felt bound to state that he was compelled to hold some things back until he could confer with President Davis and his Cabinet. One thing, however, he could say, and that was that the Emperor Maximilian would soon be firmly esabilahed in Mexico, and the empire desired form a close alliance with the Southern Confederacy. In a month or so Bazaine's army would not be needed at home. Was there any reason why it should not reinforce Johnston or Lee! The scheme was a dazzling one. The com-

milian could not have selected a better man for

Captain Pigauit did not disguise the fact that he had found it difficult to reach Atlanta. He could not repose confidence in everybody. It would have been dangerous to carry a written as he ran the risk of falling into the hands of the federals on his way into the confederate lines. He had found it impossible to make his way across the Rio Grande, as the troops of Juarez would have captured him. He had first gone to Cuba, and from there to Florida in a little fishing vessel. Before going to Richmond he wanted to see General Johnston. Then he would proceed with his journey and talk with President Davis and General Lee.

"We expect trouble, sooner or later." he said. "with the United States. The federal government will reassert the Monroe doctrine and go to war with the empire. Who are our natural allies? The confederates, as a matter of course. It is true that they are founding a republic, but as it is based upon slavery it is monarchical in spirit. As friendly allies the empire and the Confederacy will be able to maintain themselves against the world."

As the confederate gazed into the handsome face of the debonair Frenchman, it dawned upon him that this man could not be a nameless adventurer. He was a man of affairs, and one used to authority in courts and camps, A few questions confirmed this impression. Captain Pigault gave a brief sketch of his career. He had served in the Imperial Guard and fought in the Crimes and in Algeria. He spoke five lauguages as well as his native tongue. Louis Napoleon had decorated him with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

All these matters the Captain touched upon in his fluent, sparkling talk, and the confederate never thought of doubting him. When they parted the commander proposed to escort him on the following day to General Johnston's headquarters. This was satisfactory to the captain, and he returned to his hotel with a new pass in his pocket giving him practically the freedom of the city.

The next morning the commander called at the hotel and asked for his French friend. Captain Pigault was not to be seen. The landlord and the commander went to his room. It was vacant and the lodger's valise was gone. The bed showed that it had not been occupied the night before. In the grate were a few small bits of paper. The commander picked up several of the scraps and proceeded to examine them. They had evidently formed a part of a drawing, and two or three of the larger pieces showed that the drawing had represented a for-

The two men looked at each other, and the same suspicion was in their minds. Why had the Frenchman spent his time in drawing a diagram of Atlanta and her defenses? The commander hurriedly returned to his office. He sent out runners to scour the town, and telegraphed in every direction, but the day wore on without any tidings.

On the following day the commander was thoroughly miserable. Who was Capt. Pigault, and where was hel Long afterward the commander learned that he had been hoodwinked by the sharpest and cleverest spy in Sherman's army. But Pigault had not remained in Atlanta long enough to secure much information. The commander's offer to accompany him to Johnston's headquar-

ters had frightened him off. "I don't believe that he was altogether a liar. said the commander, when he spoke of it afterwards. "I believe that he was once a French soldier, and that he served with Bazaine in Mexico. He was decidedly the samest, most fascinating and interesting scoundred that I ever met. If we had found him out in time, he would have met the death of a spy without THE OLD COLONEL

The Agricultural Balloon. Syracuse Christian Advocate.

This is the season in which the balloon ripens The balloon appears to be an agricultural prod duct; at least, it is put prominently on exhibition at the agricultural fairs. Just what instructive purpose is in view in these aerial exhibitions does not appear. The patrons of the fairs are not told how to raise ballons or what to do with them. There is a vague expectation in people's minds that the balloon is some day going to de our carrying for us, when the rai roads have become useless or unpopular. We are not quite ready for the sky ride yet unless well paid for the adventure, and the balloon companies are not offering very large or very convenient accommodations to the traveling public; and, indeed, the science of air navigation is not making much advancement so far as the public knows. We don't hear of any notable excursions any more, or of any discoveries by which the ship may be made more governable. No, the only discovery of importance in balloonery is that the ascension will draw more people to a fair than the stage wedding or the baby show.

A Place for Everything.

Nebraska State Journal. There is a place for averything, and dressed beef should be in its place. That place is not in the presidential chair.

WHEN your blood is improverished the remedy at hand. Take Ayer's saparilla. nd Take Ayers

A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER.

The Latest Achievement of Brady, the Friend of Webster and Clay.

Washington Special. Perhaps there is no man outside of public life in this country who is so well known as M. B. Brady. When Daguerre conceived the idea of making an artist of the sun, and succeeded in doing so, it was regarded as one of the most important scientific achievements of the day. Many young and enterprising men at once adopted it as a profession. All those who did it in that day have doubtless passed away, ex-cept M. B. Brady, who is still in the vigor and prime of manhood. He carried into his profession an amount of intelligence, business ability and artistic taste which brought him at once into prominence.

After having established his position on this side of the Atlantic, he, in 1851, made an exhibit at the World's Fair in London, and took the prize from all Europe for the best work shown there. His name recalls many memories. Oldtimers will remember his establishments in New York and Washington as among the sights shown to all visitors to those two cities. It was the right thing to do, in those days, to go to Brady's, not only to see the many distinguished faces which crowded his walls, but to have your own photograph taken. All the distinguished foreigners, princes, potentates, dukes, lords and ladies, artists, philosophers, lawyers, preachers and other distinguished men from the four corers of the globe were found there.

He was the first to take the camera on a battle-field and make a historian of it. This is, perhaps, among his best achievements, and the one by which he will be longest remembered. This he did first at the battle of Bull Run. He continued throughout the war to take the pictures which have since been so widely used in illustrating the various battles of the war. He also made, years ago, a national portrait gallery of national celebrities, in which he preserved for posterity the faces and forms of distinguished men of thae period. This work was purchased by the government.

Mr. Brady has a talent for other things, and is unquestionably a remarkable man. His power in reading character is as rapid and unerring as the camera is in taking the exact lines of the human face. He has been an extensive traveler in his day, and it is related of him that on entering the Pitti Palace at Florence, one day, the custodian, on learning his name, and that he was the artist from New York, showed him one of his own pictures, which was kept there as a specimen of the excellence to which the art had attained in America, and told him it had been sent as a specimen to Rome, Vienna and other cities of Europe. He has not only been the "court photographer," as Bayard Taylor called him, but also the friend of many of the great men whose pictures he "took." He knew intimately such men as Clay, Webster and Calboun, and his recollections and anecdotes of them frequently delight the large circle of his

He has just completed (and this is in the line of the historical work which he has originated) an album of the Fiftieth Congress. It contains also pictures of the President and his Cabinet, the Chief-justice and judges of the Supreme Court. There are about four or five hundred pictures, each accompanied by a short biographical sketch. The album, of course, includes all those who have taken part in the famous tariff debate. It is in itself a fine work of art, and being the only thing of its kind in existence, is sure to prove a popular book.

Fast Type-Setting.

New York Special. A very interesting type-setting contest tool place this afternoon in the composing-room of the Sun. The match was not between two compositors, but the result of a wager that no compositor in New York could set up 2,000 ems of solid nonpareil in an hour and correct the same. Mr Joseph W. McCann, a well-known com positor thought the feat was not impossible, and mmediately accepted the wager. At precisely 1:05 o'clock Mr. McCann took his place, stick in hand, in front of a case that overlooked the City Hall from the corner window. Mr. McCann is handsome young sellow, thirty-two years old, and about five feet six inches in height. A neatly-trimmed brown mustache adorns his lip. and when Aaron Haywood, of the Sun, called "Time!" at 1:15 his blue eyes lighted up, and he started in with a will to beat the record. McCann

won. He set 2,127 ems. Mr. McCann has taken part in many typesetting contests, and holds the second place with a record of 2,231; ems of solid nonpareil in an hour, at Philadelphia. In the contest no cor recting bad to be done, and no lines broken. Alexander Duguid, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, holds the championship with a record of 2,277 ems of solid nonpareil in the same contest. The referee in to-day's contest was E. A Donaldson, of the Times.

What Paint and Ribbons Will Do.

Kitchen-ware decorated with paint and ribbon becomes parlor ornaments, Common wooden salt-boxes, painted in delicate colors, are used for plants and ferns; long wooden butter-pats are made into paper-knives by being enameled, painted in bold designs and finished with a bow of silk on the handle. Long wooden spoons are decorated with painted designs and silk ribbon and made to serve the uses of ornament.

CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

Mr. Oliver Summer Teall's "Whiz" at Llewellyn Park and What Came of It.

special to the Indianapolis Journal.

Three Young Women Who Attract Attention for Different Reasons-The Girls Who Come to This Country to Wed Mormon Elders.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13 .- Oliver Sumner Teall is one of the jolliest and handsomest of the town's wealthy swells, and the very fashionable girls like him exceedingly; but he has been defeated for re-election to the presidency of the Essex County Toboggan Club, and titter and twitter have run through our "best society" in consequence of the disaster that has befallen him. Not that it will hurt him much in feelings, nor at all in reputation. The case illustrates the fact that New York swelldom is not all of a mind as to propriety in diversion. The Oranges are an almost painfully stylish section of New Jersey. They consist of several villages scattered along one end of Essex county, and they contain miles of handsome villas, with so litte of despised trade intermixed that in some sections the land is restricted against occupation by anything whatever, except residences. It is in this rare region that Lewellyn Park makes its fa-mous aggregation of costly houses and grounds, and the dwellers save themselves from contamination by excluding all strangers from the gates until a reasonable errand is explained to the guardsman on duty. The Orange mountains send their slopes down into these pretentions villages, and one of the pastimes there has been tobogganing. Hence the Essex County Toboggan Club, with its rigid exclusiveness as to membership and its perfected slide at which outsiders may look but mustn't touch. Last winter, after an evening reception, at which the most self-satisfied people of the Oranges had assembled, and where some of the younger guests had drunk injudiciously of seductive punch and effervescent champaign, President Oliver Sum-ner Teall proposed what he called a "whiz." He led a considerable party of gay belles and beaux to the toboggan slide, where, in the club-house, they changed their in-door clothes for tobaggan suits, and made a night of it on the sleds. The antice lasted from midnight to daylight, and they live in the memory of those who took part in them as just about the liveliest indulgences of their lives. There is no use in particularizing the extravagances of the occasion further than to say that most of the young gentlemen were undeniably drunk, while not a few of the young ladies were perceptibly exhilarated. Tobogganing under such bilarious conditions became extremely demonstrative. Some of the fathers and mothers of the young offenders have now sought to prevent a reoccurrence of the "whiz" by turning Teall out of office, and they have done it by a bare majority vote, which seems to show that the minority enjoyed Teall's "whiz," and wouldn't mind having another one next win-

Among those who have come femininely forward to the very front of repectful public interest, foremost is a daughter of the late Charles G. Halpine, a popular poet of twenty years ago. Bless me! how many excellent poets we do have, and how quickly are they forgotten, along with all the excellent rhymes that they write. How many of my readers recall the nom de plame of "Miles O'Reilly," or retain jingling in their memory a single couplet of his poetry? Do not understand me as confessing that I ever read anything that was direct from his pen. My mother was singing lullables to me in my cradle at the time when Halpine was one of New York's literary coterie, editor of the Citizen, and author of numerous pieces of pleasantly warm sentimental poetry. He was not altogether a romantic dreamer, however, for he was enough of a practical politician to become register of the city of New York, a place yielding a clear profit of \$25,-000 a year. I found in an old scrap-book some of the most melodious and fanciful verses by him that ever fell a little short of sending their author famously down the ages. One of these pieces is about an infant and its mother. That baby is a bride of the present, having grown up into a comely young woman, and become the wife of a dealer in hosiery. Isn't that dreadfully disenchanting? One of the O'Reilly poems glowingly describes a damsel in a sea bath, and one of the happiest of the verses is devoted to her stockings and all that they implied. There was no grossness about it. The hosiery was idealized by the poet's nandling. But here we have his daughter, who is ethereally beautiful, wedded to John P. Faure, who might pass for a picture of a knight-errant, if suitably costumed, but he is a merely materialistic, commercial and

prosy merchant in actual stockings. A second New York girl to go into matrimony under interested observation is May Brady, daughter of one of our Supreme Court judges, and locally famous as an exhibit. I do not use the term reproachfully at all. Miss Brady has been, for several years, a remarkably handsome belle who chose to take conspicuous places. On the nights of new plays at the fashionable theaters she was always in a proscenium box, and usually at the front corner pearest the stage, so that she was, to the assemblage of spectators, practically a part of the theatrical show. Her loveliness of face, her vivacity of manner and her original treatment of the prevailing styles in dress combined to make her a very conspicuous object of admiration. Several times she has been reported as about to become a professional actress, and nobody would have been surprised by such a venture; but she has kept within the boundaries of Fifth-avenue swelldom, and next Monday she will be the central figure in an elaborate church wedding. Miss Brady is an exemplar of that self-possession, as distinguished from audacity. which is cultivated by our most distinguished beiles. What is meant by that is that she never departs from lady-like gentility in demeanor, and yet indulges in a few small whims of con duct. For instance, she stops horse-cars and the Fifth-avenue stages by whistling at them. If she wishes to board one of these vehicles, she stops carelessly at the curb, lifts one hand in a gracefully lazy signal to the driver, and then prettily puckers her red lips, from which she emits a shrill, musical whiatle. This is all done so demurely, and with such an air of gentle complacency, that the astonished witnesses are not apt to regard it as in the least vulgar.

A third and quite different young woman has commanded the attention of the modish town. She calls herself Alice Maydew, and she is typical London concert-hall comic vocalist. Do not think that any mistake has been made in the assertion that she has taken right hold of some of our fashionable girls, as well as many more of our fellows. Anglomania is the cause of it. Alice Maydew is singing and clowning at the largest of our music gardens-s place which has been twice shut by the Mayor on account of its immorality, and where the wicked idlers crowdedly congregate. But she is so English, you know, that our anglomaniacs go there to enjoy her. There are rows of boxes in the gallery curtained into a condition of seclusion, and to these hidden recesses of exploit our beaux are taking our belles. It is a form of slumming. I suppose, and therefore not reprehensible. As for Alice Maydew, she doesn't sing-she shouts. Her songs are coarse ditties, devoid of wit comprehensible by Americans, but replete with London slang and hits. That is what recommends her so highly to the anglomaniscs. She gesticulates with the vigor of a prize-fighter; she dances with heavily thudding feet; and, in short, she is exactly the sort of an actress that is numerous in the concert halls of London, but which nobody ever before thought of profitably importing to this country. And this illustrates the utter whimsicality of taste among those New Yorkers who are actuated in their amusements by eccentricities of vogue.

Gertrude Griswold has distinguished herself by a course directly opposite to that ascribed to our anglomaniacs in relation to Alice Maydew. Miss Griswold has angrily refused to take orders from an Englishman, and the circumstances were such that her insubordination is costly. It loses for her a season's engagement in "The Yeoman of the Guard," the new Gilbert and Sullivan opers, and it compels the managers of the Casino to postpone the production of that work for a week. Miss Griswold is a singer who expected to become a prima donna in grand opera. given out that her wages were to be \$300 a week. Probably the truthful figures would be about one-third of that sum. The company was set at work rehearsing Sullivan's music and Gilbert's language, but the stage action was

rudely; and are eccentric as to the letter H. He rudely; and are eccentric as to the letter H. He is, also, wondrously profane. He has acted as stage manager several times in this city before, and his reputation for politeness would be that of a Chesterfield—if, like the crab to which Hamlet likened Polonius's age, it could go backward. That is to say, Barker swears like a pirate at a crew in drilling a company, and he is especially pyrotechnic and sulphurous in the verbal embellishments of his orders to actresses. Miss Griswold was to enact the heroine. At the first rehearsal called by Barker, she entered upon the scene, as directed in the manuscript of upon the scene, as directed in the manuscript of her part, with a few dancing steps. Then she

began to sing her opening song.
"Stop, stop, stop," cried Barker. "What are
you standing still for?" The imagination of the reader may be in-dulged in the placing of profacity between the words of Barker's remarks. The most vivid fancy will hardly supply expletives too wicked. The American young woman stood ahast for a

"What do you mean?" she demanded. Barker explained that the dance must accompany the song throughout.

"Now, Mr. Barker," Miss Griswold remarked. very placidly but firmly, "if you are willing to apologize for swearing at me, and to promise not to repeat the offense, I will follow your instructions to the best of my ability." Barker retorted that she might go somewhere. We will not publish the place. What she did do was to go home at once. There she wrote a resignation, which the management had to accept, because Barker could not be spared; but it compelled a postponement of the opera until late next week, to give time to get and train another

Curiously affianced brides are those who come to town from across the ocean without knowing who their bridegrooms are going to be. Moreover, they are not certain whether they will have half a husband, or a third, or a quarter, or what fractional part away up to a thirtieth or fortieth. For these maidens are Mormon converts. Several batches of them have been pothered over by our emigration commisstoners, who were desirous of saving them from Utah and polygamy, and half a dozen are to-day detained at Castle Garden. But there seems to be no law under which their acte-bridal tours can be stopped. The commissioners may legally return to the old world only such emigrants as are criminals or paupers. These girls are neither. Their passages are paid by the Mormon elders accompanying them, and homes are ready for them in Utah. Bonds are filed guaranteeing that they will not become a public charge, and that settles the question, so far as the law is concerned. Some charitable ladies determined to try moral sussion to deter the girls now here from going to their unknown husbands.
I accompanied them to Castle Garden, where they talked with the six indefinite brides. They were English girls from Lancashire, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-four. They were daughters of small farmers, and their lusty forms and bright compiexions had resulted from plenty of out-door exercise. They were imperfectly educated, but made a good appearance by reason of youth, health, neat clothing and decidedly high spirits. In the same company of converts were entire families from their county. They said that they had listened to the Mormon revivalists' preaching until convinced of its righteousness, and that they were firmly determined upon seeking happiness in Utah. They had been solemnly promised husbands there.

"But do you understand that your husbands already have numerous wives?" a bright Lancashire lass was asked. "Yes," she replied quickly; "and if a man good enough that five or six wives will stay with him, he isn't going to be very bad to one more."
Every argument was met by some reply as

conclusive as that. The girls seemed genuinely pious, in a Mormon way, and the elders were to them holy men indeed. "Now, why should I stop here in New York," said one girl, "when I've the promise of a marriage to a real elder out there in Utah?" There was something celestial to her mind in becoming a bride of a Mormon elder, no matter how minutely his matrimony might be subdivided. We gave up an attempt to rescue the six sweethearts who had not yet seen their wooers. CLARA BELLE

MINERAL WATERS.

Comparison of the Artificial and Natural Mineral Waters. Dr. Titus Munson Coan, in Harper's Magazine.

The greater part of these waters in their natural state, and all of the manufactured waters, are more or less highly charged with carbonic acid gas; while some of the imported waters receive an extra charge of it before they are packed, with a view to increasing their permanency and their brilliancy. And here I must apprise my readers that we are in the border territory between two warring clans, the bianchi and the neri of balneology. "Natural mineral waters." is the war-cry of the one; "artificial mineral waters" is wrought upon the oriflamme of the other. The contest rages, and will continue as

long as rival interests clash. The merits of the case on either hand may be briefly stated. The opponents of artificial mineral waters claim that the delicacy of the chemical combinations in a natural water cannot be produced either with accuracy or with any degree of certainty in the laboratory. Analysis, they say, very truly, can discover all the chemical elements that are present; but how, in any given water, are those acids and bases combined, and how can we recombine them? The chemist cannot always dissolve in water the mineral deposits of a spring or river water; there are silicates and alumina that will resist even the acids he employs. It is not possible, in many cases, to reproduce nature's combinations in the artificial waters, and for other reasons than those I have given. We cannot know the order in which the ingredients were drawn from the channels of the living rock, nor the degrees of pressure and of heat that were required for their delicate commingling. In a word, art is not nature; and you can no more reproduce the subtle potency of a fine mineral water than you can manufacture a

What is the rejoinder to this on the part of the advocates of artificial mineral waters? They say that while the argument I have just given is good chemistry, it does not hold good of imported mineral waters; it is true only of mineral waters taken at their natural source: while for the home consumer it is not a question of waters as they are at their source. The mineral waters of the market are more co less changed by exportation and handling, and in many cases they are surposely medicated, as by the addition of salts, or of carbonic acid gas. "All waters begin to depreciate as soon as they are moved from the spring," writes an importer, not a manufacturer, of mineral waters. Now which is the better? say the chemists: a water that has been freighted perhaps 3,000 miles and kept in stock for months, undergoing unknown changes all the time, or a fresh artificial water of definitely known constitution? The chemist does not claim to reproduce all of the foreign or domestic mineral waters, but such only as can be uniformly and certainly reprodued. Carbonic acid gas, the salts of lime, the chloride of sodium, alkalies, and other leading jugradients of the most valuable waters are easily and accurately combinable in the laboratory. Such products, it is claimed, are better than the imported waters, because they are fresher, and because we know precisely what they are.

That they are good there? is no doubt. Pure carbonic acid water, as I have said, is the same thing and equally good however produced. The artificial Vichy and Seltzer are good. Though the native waters at the springs are better, none the less the artificial waters are valuable resources for the physician, and also, as I have said, as ordinary beverages. Each has an excellent function. There is so much truth on both sides of the question that one need not quarrel over it. Both the importers and the manufacturers of mineral waters have room enough, and are supplying good and useful commodities; and in what I shall say about their curative values I shall not stop to distinguish between the two classes of them when both are to be had.

A Rather Popular Boston Chestnut. Arlo Bates, in Providence Sunday Journal. The tale is to the effect that Dr. Oliver Wen-

dell Holmes and the venerable Dr. Peabody of Cambridge, once had an appointment to see a statue of Eurydice. Dr. Holmes arrived first. and when a few moments later his friend drove up in a cab, he greeted him with the very obvious pun: "Ab. you rid, I see." Dr. Peabody was wonderfully pleased with

this sally, and on his return home attempted to repeat it for the benefit of his family. "Dr. Holmes was extremely witty this afternoon," he said. "We went to see the Eurydice, and when I drove up he said just as quick as a flash, 'Ah, Doctor, I see you came in I do not vouch for the story, but tell the tale

Dog Farming in China.

Dog-farming is now carried on in China as systematically as sheep-farming anywhere eise. Her ambition aimed too high, and at length she | There are thousands of small dog and goat concluded to hire out for comic opera. It was farms dotted over Manchuria and the eastern borders of Mongolia, where from a score some hundreds of dogs are annually reared on each farm, and where they constitute a regular source of wealth. A bride, for instance, will receive as dowry a number of dogs, proportionate to the means of her father. It is probable only crudely managed until the arrival of Richard F. Barker, who had helped to prepare the London production, and therefore brought over the authors' exact ideas. Now Barker is one of these Londoners who speak latitudes developing a magnificent coat.

A REMARKABLE NEGRESS.

She Dies at the Age of 125, After Drinking Rum and Smoking Tobacco 110 Years.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 13 .- Sylvia Dubois, the famous negress, is dead at last. Her death was reported last spring, because the news that came from Sourland mountain, where Sylvia lived, was to the effect that the ancient negress had died during the blizzard, having perished in the storm. This was a mistake. She survived the great snow-storm and lived through the spring and summer. But that tremendous vitality that carried the woman through a century and a quarter of existence began giving out, and a few days ago she died. She had just passed her 125th birthday.

There is no doubt Sylvia Dubois was not only the oldest woman, but the oldest person in America. Her memory and the records she had at hand proved this fact. The story of her life in detail has been published several times. She was born in Hunterdo ounty, and on the very range of hills where say eventually died. She was the slave of a man named Dubois, and kept that name all her life. She had a number of children, but they were all illegitimate. While a mere child she was taken nd, Pa, where she by her master to Gre was reared. The tale prowess are many. ounger days, and, in She was a fighter all i fact, until she was a audred years old. She knocked out every pugilist she encountered. From the time she was fifteen years of age she was a hard drinker, brandy being her favorite beverage. Liquor never seemed to affect her. She always said the brandy she drank preserved her. It is certain she was never sick until a few months previous to her death. At the tavern at Great Bend, of which her master was the landlord, she was the great attraction, owing to her tre-mendous strength and feats of endurance and daring. She was as profane as she was powerful, and her biography, which she dictated some years ago to a school-teacher in this State, and which was published literally, abounded with

When she was about twenty-five years of age she got angry at her mistress and nearly killed her. Before she could be caught she snatched up her baby and rowed across the Susquehanna and ran into the woods. There she accomplished what few women in history have even attempted. She made her way day and night down through Pennsylvania and upper New Jersey, caring for the child all the way until she got back to her old home in Sourland mountain. Her mistress reovered, but no attempt was made to arrest o capture Sylvia. On Sourland mountain she built a hut, where she spent the last century of her existence. She had, as already related, a number of children, but only the youngest survived. She lived with her mother up to the day of her death. Her name is Elizabeth, and she is over eighty years old. She is her mother over again. There is not a man on the mountains that can whip her. Her pugilistic feats are almost as numerous as her mother's, but she never made such a business of prize-fighting.
In the little but on Sourland, Sylvia lived through all the cold and stormy winters. She

learned to read a little, and her daughter got enough education to enable her to read to her mother. They were always poor, but managed to beg enough to keep them comfortable. Twice a year the mother and daughter would of the farming country below. Everybody knew them, and everybody gave them something. The two women would load themselves down with provisions, coal and clothing. and then climb the mountain with their burdens. Sylvia always asked for newspapers and books, and there were few women better posted on the general events of the day. This long and tire-some tramp never seemed to injure the old woman. She took her last trip last spring. Sylvia never made but two public exhibitions of herself. She was witness in a murder trial at Flemington a number of years ago, and ber opinions of lawyers, courts and people generally growing out of her experience in court were given in her biography. They were decidedly sensational and emphatic. Her second appearance was at the State fair at Waverly a year ago. She received money enough for sitting in a tent for four days to last ber until death. Her eyesight grew poor toward the end, but her tongue was as sharp and her memory as keen as ever. If one could stand the string of caths that were part of her conversation, the anecdotes that she gave and her recollections of past events were de-

cidedly interesting. Sylvia Dubois drank hard and smoked a strong pipe all her life presty nearly. She beid she was better for both rum and tobacco. San had no religion to speak of, and was unquestione ably one of the oddest and most interesting characters that the ninetsenth century has pro-

AN HONORABLE DENIAL.

Mr. William Henderson Stamps His Feet oo to the "Dollar a Day" Lie. Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel.

When R. C. J. Pendleton spoke at the Ansonia Opera-house, he revived that old canard about General Harrison having said that a dollar a day was good enough for a workingman and testified his belief in it. After reading the re-port of the speech in the Sentinel, Dickerman M. Bassett, of Birmingbam, wrote a letter to his friend in Indianapolis, William Henderson, and the reply is printed below. Mr. Henderson is a Democrat of prominence in Indiana, a leading member of the Indianapolis bar, and a relative of the late Vice-president Hendricks. He was the most prominent member of the Committee of One Hundred who brought the ballot-box conspirators of his State to trial and punishment, and it was largely through his influence that Allen G. Thurman was made the vice-pres-

What Mr. Henderson, therefore, says about the matter is the expression of a Democrat of ability and prominence; and flatly gives the lie to the statement with which Mr. Pendleton undertook to delude the Democrats of Derby. Following is the correspondence: "William Henderson, Esq., Indianapolis, Ind :

"My Dear Sir-Mr. Pendleton, of your city, addressed a Democratic rally in this town (Derby) last Saturday evening. He spoke very highly of Gen. Harrison, but at the close of his address said he never believed Gen. Harrison had said a dollar a day was enough for a workingman until he obtained an affidavit signed by twelve prominent citizens of Indianapolis who swore that they had heard him utter the words. Having seen the statement in Democratic papers and its contradiction from Indianapolis papers, I did not suppose any speaker would repeat it in a town like Derby. "Last summer I showed you articles from Connecticut Democratic papers telegraph

from Indiana about the Republican nominee for Governor, General Hovey. You answered the they were campaign lies sent East for effect. "Is not the statement about General Harrison of the same nature? "Can the twelve prominent citizens be found? "We do not believe any of this talk, but

thought we would inquire about it. "We received the Indianapolis Journal of Sept. 27, giving an account of the call made upon General Harrison by veterans of the campaign of 1840, for which please accept thanks. We mail you a copy of the Ausonia (Derby) Sentinel of Oct. 1, containing a portion of Mr. Pendleton's speech. I am yours truly,

"D. M. BASSETT." To this letter Mr. Bassett received the following reply: "INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Oct. 6, 1888.

"D. M. Bassett, Esq., Birmingham, Conn.: "Dear Sir-I am in receipt of your letter of the 2d inst., stating in substance that Mr. Pendleton, of this city, addressed a Democratic meeting in your town last saturday, in which he said he never believed General Harrison hi said that a dollar a day was enough for a wo ingman until he obtained an affidavit signed twelve prominent citizens of Indianapolis, who

swore they heard him utter the words. "I have to reply to this that I am not a supporter of General Harrison or a defender or pologist for what he has said or done; but having lived in the same town with him for thirty five years, and during all that time never heard him accused of a mean act or an unkind word of anyone, rich or poor, and being called on by you for the fact of this utterance, I would be doing him great injustice if I were to decline to anewer your respectful letter. That he ever uttered such a word is not believed by a single

respectable Democrat in the State of Indiana. "I have been engaged in active business this city for about thirty-eight years, and he known and now know, all the prominent men the city and do not know of a single so-called prominent men referred Pendleton. This thing is a silly fal ten up for influencing voters abroad. home. The thing is so basely fall Democratic State committee and

"On the 27th of September J. C. New, as you will see by the two Indianapolis News this day mailed y a reward of \$2,000 to any respectation who would make oath to it and placed check for that sum in the hands of Ho English, and up to this time no one has to claim the reward. So you can set it a campaign lie intended to injure a good away from his home. Yours truly,

committee of this county refuse to gi